

## Bruce Grit's Melange.

A gentleman from a Southern State called on me a short time ago and in the course of our conversation which was a most interesting one, he held his nose and mentioned the name of Tillman, the South Carolina blackguard, who disgraces that State in the U. S. Senate. He said, "Do you know that the fortifiers of this foul mouthed creature were indentured slaves who were sold for a few hundred pounds of tobacco and a keg of rum?" I assured him that this information was news to me but that I did not doubt its truth as Tillman's oral gymnastics and plantation manners betrayed his lowly origin and the absence of good blood. I had for a long time believed that there was a yellow streak in his anatomy, and I was not fully prepared to believe that its origin had been located.

The indentured white slaves sent out from England in colonial days, were mostly of a class distinguished for their ignorance, stupidity, criminal tendencies and gross immoralities and England always breathed freer after dumping a cargo of these vermin on the virgin soil of America. Tillman's origin, accounts for his antipathy to the Negro. He probably has not forgotten that the Negro slaves who came later supplanted these indentured white slaves and hence like the wolf in Aesop's fable who ate the lamb because as he said, his father had muddled the spring. This human South Carolina wolf intends to blackguard and shoot Negroes as long as he can pull a trigger or wag his villainous tongue. There is some compensation in the thought however, that Tillman represents in his personality the residuum of all the viciousness, villainy, mendacity and criminality of his ignorant, immoral and depraved forbears who were the scullions and beasts of burden of the white gentlemen of the South, and that his class of white men have always been looked down upon with withering contempt and loathing by the aristocracy of that section. Tillman's treatment of the representative of the Plaindealer, who tried to interview him in Kansas City shows that nature never intended that he should ever reach the plane occupied by refined and cultured gentlemen. The old axioms that you cannot make a turkey out of a turkey buzzard, nor a silk purse out of a sow's ear, apply with telling effect to one-eyed Ben Tillman. He's a moral and political degenerate.

Max Nordau in his "Conventionalities of our Civilization" says and with great truth, "The college graduate thinks himself of too much account to descend into and be lost in the lowest class of society by voluntarily assuming the trade of a manual laborer;" and according to the ideas prevalent in society he is correct. He demands of the world that he be supported as a master, not support himself like a slave." But the world does not always honor this demand as many struggling Negro college graduates can testify who are living from hand to mouth hoping against hope for the coming of a better and a brighter day.

Continuing Nordau says: "But the world has only a limited demand for the kind of work which the college bred man considers suitable for him. Hence

in the older civilized countries at least one-half of the graduates are condemned to spend their lives in hoping and envying, obtaining none of life's blessings, fighting hard for the small amount of daily bread they require and often going hungry standing beside the over-loaded, groaning table of the upper ten thousand, while suffering the pangs of semi-starvation."

The picture is true to nature and those who want to see it in all its hideousity may do so if they will look about them. The sham and tinsel and humbug of Negro society with its false ideals and its pretensions and nonsense, its circles and sets, can be observed without the aid of a microscope. A little inspection and reflection will suggest to the observant and thoughtful Negro Shakespeare's famous lines that carry so much meaning, "What fools these mortals be." But the Negro is not the only fool in the aggregation. The poor whites—the strainer element, is tending in the same direction; society and starvation are almost synonymous terms, and for what good is all this show and ostentation and pretence and humbug? This aversion to manual labor, this crowding of wooden-headed youngsters into the professions where they either starve or form alliances with the cooks in families adjacent to their offices who provide them with delicacies after sundown. What on earth is Miss Kathryn-born-caroline going to do for a living after her maw is no longer able to take lodgers and do three or four small family washes or her paw ceases to wield as dexterously as of yore the white wash brush or the razor on account of old age and his rheumatics? Instead of making a woman out of Miss Kathryn they've made her a wall flower, a parlor ornament. She can neither cook, sew, wash or iron. But she can sing, bang coon songs out of a piano, discuss the latest novel and talk nonsense by the yard and hour. Maw foolishly believed when she was "educating dat gal 'at she'd be a hummer arter she left skule—and shine in society like the evening stah on a dark night. But society as is society has more behind it and under it than a few common place accomplishments.

The society which the Negro and the poor white pattern has wealth, blood, influence and some very eminent respectability back of it. The Negro and the poor white after counting back eighty or a hundred years or less can not find many, if any of these things to boast of, and hence the humbug of their pretensions is the more transparent and ridiculous. It is really nauseating to hear some of these little pin-headed dudes and dudines boast of their ancestry and blood. The Negro in America has no ancestry worth boasting of and the least said about it the better. The poor whites are in the same fix; they are of equally doubtful origin, and the more doubtful the origin the more persistent they are to break down the bar sinister and enter the charmed circle. The white catfish aristocracy of America and the black catfish aristocracy are making themselves ridiculous, trying to create for themselves a social pedigree which will rank with that of those whose manners, language, habits, customs, dress, methods of living and thought they are

as faithfully imitating as so many ring tailed monkeys.

If Negro society would take off its store clothes and paste diamonds, break up its enchre clubs and get down to the business of improving the condition of the submerged half of black humanity in the alleys and back streets of our big cities, it would come nearer doing God's service. If the white catfish aristocracy would perform a like service among the lower strata of their own race throughout the country and quit their blamed nonsense in trying to fello after people, any six of whom could buy for cash the whole outfit of white catfish aristocrats, human happiness would take a turn for the better and crimes would be greatly diminished in the land.

BRUCE GRIT.

### THAT TELLING EDITORIAL.

The Colored American's Stand Commended

Editor The Colored American:—We have been closely, quietly and unbiassedly reading, watching and studying the situation as regards this race question, or problem as you may call it, for quite a while, and we have long since decided that, so far as we as a race are concerned, it is the question of questions, and your editorial of July 28th, under the caption, "North Carolina's Pittsible Plight," presents the whole subject to the civilized world, to say nothing of this highly enlightened and Christian nation, in language and spirit sufficiently clear, frank and respectful to warrant the opinion that humanity itself must now rise in our defence, or the nation disrepute itself before the world and invite speedy vengeance and scourge of Almighty God. That editorial is deserving of more than incidental or casual notice. There is nothing in our whole Congressional Record, as an argument in our defense, surpassing, if equaling it. Our press throughout the country should reproduce it again and again until the reading and thinking world shall come to realize the true conception and magnitude of the case. In reality, we have no race problem. It is a white man's problem after all, and must be settled by him upon the same principle and in the same spirit that the country accepted the great Webster-Hayne state rights debate in 1830, when Mr. Webster covered the whole ground, and settled the question until the outbreak of the civil war, in the following declaration, to wit: "But I do not admit that, under the Constitution, and in conformity with it there is any mode in which a state government, as a member of the Union, can interfere and stop the progress of the general government, by force of her own laws, under any circumstance whatever."

The general government has long since examined and investigated and passed upon this Negro suffrage question; and the features which were advanced as the most objectionable at the time, are proving themselves satisfactory—leaving nothing to divide except the color of the skin, and the kink of the hair. In the face of all this will the nation disrepute herself? God forbid.

L. H. BROWN, Pedagogue.  
Coney, Ga.

Mrs. Paris Lyvers left last Saturday for New York, to join her sister Miss Dillingham, of St. Paul, Minnesota, both of them having been called to the bedside of their sister, Mrs. Wesley Stafford who is quite ill. Her daughter, Miss Mallie is rusticated in Leesburg, Va. She will remain until school opens.

### KELLY MILLER IS PRESIDENT.

The Howard University Mathematician Succeeds to the Mantle so Nobly Worn by Prof. W. H. Richards—Other Officers and News Notes.

The advisory board of Bethel Literary at its last meeting elected the following officers for the ensuing year: Prof. Kelly Miller, president; W. A. Joiner, first vice president; Mrs. Jennie Conner, second vice-president; Miss Ella Boston recording secretary; L. M. Hershaw, corresponding secretary; J. W. Cromwell, librarian; Miss Mattie R. Bowen, treasurer. The retiring president, Prof. W. R. Richards, proved a tower of strength to Bethel Literary during the past two years, and popular demand that he should serve a third term is but a faint idea of the high esteem in which he is held by the people of this city. The new head, Prof. Kelly Miller, needs no introduction or eulogy. He is well-known throughout the country as an educator, scholar and sociologist, and the patrons of Bethel Literary feel that the mantle of Richards has fallen upon proper shoulders. Mr. Laura A. Joiner read an interesting report, showing the receipts of the society to be \$151.71 and expenditures \$127.35 during the past year. Lawyer R. S. Smith was appointed chairman of the committee to print history of the society as compiled by Prof. J. W. Cromwell and Miss Maria L. Jordan. President Miller has begun preparing his program for the approaching literary season, which opens in October.

### LESSONS TO BE LEARNED.

The Defeat of the Boers a Divine Consumption—Oppression a Precursor to Downfall of Oppressor.

The rapid close of the South African war and the thorough defeat of the Boers show that no nation can hope to systematically and persistently heap obloquy and injustice on subject people without some day, distant though it be, having to pay the penalty for its misdeeds. "The mills of the gods grind slowly but they grind exceedingly small." As with individuals, so with nations, and wrong-doing generally brings about the undoing of those who perpetrate it. One of the first disagreements which arose between the Boers and English was over the question of slavery. The English wanted to abolish it. The Boers wanted to perpetuate it. From that time on the enmity grew until it culminated into the sanguine fray which Roberts and Kitchener are bringing to such a brilliant close. The Boers are not the only people who are mistreating a portion of their fellow citizens. And the object lesson which their war, as well as the Spanish-American war, short but decisive conflict, ought to be studied with a good deal of care by every one interested in real government by the people, of the people and for the people.—Detroit Republican.

### Politics a Local Question.

While the southern end of the democratic party is doing every thing in its power to disfranchise the Negro, the northern end smilingly asks for his ballot, says the Indianapolis Recorder.

This simply goes to show that the Negro must trim his sails to catch the breeze as it flies, consulting locality and its prevailing sentiment in shaping his political action. Like unto the tariff, politics is a local question, and all decisions must be governed by common sense and the needs of the situation.